THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

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THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

JOHN MCELROY, ROBERT W. SHOPPELL BYRON ANDREWS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 24, 1898.

neither of their Senators is raised in their behalf and in denunciation of the out-

UP to 1867 the bondholders received In interest an average of \$4 per capita from every person in the country. This was an average of \$20 per family. It was really very much more for those who paid it, for the South-one-third of the country-paid next to nothing, and the burden fell almost wholly upon the ment when you did not see fit to give loyal people. At that time the pensioners received but 51 cents per capita of the population. The veterans, still young and ambitious, were working hard to help pay off the bondholders, and save the National honor. The proportion of interest charges to per capita of population began to slowly decline after 1867. It fell below \$3 in 1871, and below \$2 in 1878. With all the clamor about the "burden of pension payments," the per capita expense was only \$1.94 last year, or less than half that paid the bondholders at the time the country was exceedingly poorer than it is to-day.

SECRETARY GAGE'S prediction that we have reached the end of the deficits caused by rushing in goods before the passage of the Dingley Law has been realized. Last Monday the customs receipts overtook and passed those of last year, being \$88,089,594, as against \$88,080,605 for the same time last year. This, with the increase of revenue from other sources, puts an end to the monthly deficits.

Last week Commi sioner Evans made only 1,034 original allowances. For the same week last year Commissioner Murphy made 1,129, and for the corresponding week in 1892 Commissioner Raum made 7,660.

THE man who prates about a "lobby of pensions agents, instigating and influencing legislation," talks silly falsehoods. There is not now, and never has been, such a lobby, or any approach to it. The demand for pension legislation, or the shape that legislation should take, comes directly from the men who have undoubted right to make such a demand—the veterans themselves. The only "lobby" that there has ever been is the agency created by the G.A.R. National Encampment for the express purpose of presenting the views and wishes of the veterans as a body. This is the G.A.R. National Pension Committee-a committee always made up of able and eminent comrades, and which has done splendid work in securing such pension legislation as the comrades desired.

THE STORY OF PAUL JONES. Our readers will be pleased to know men. that "The Cannoneer" has come to the front again with a graphic narrative come to their defense as a friend, the vetwhich he calls "The Story of Paul erans began to expect that you would Jones." The romantic career of this hero of the Revolution is set forth in the Bureau by a statement of official facts style of which Mr. Buell is master, as our and figures. They felt that you would subscribers know. The work is further- do the thing that would naturally and more an important contribution to Amer- obviously occur to the Chief of any other ican history, and as thrilling as any im- Bureau which was under fire. The aginary story of the sea. The life of a great public expected the same thing. privateer has a charm at all times, but They expected from you a plain state-Buell to tell the story, the combination | tion at issue, just as the Secretaries of

is incomparable. and will run some twenty weeks.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To Hon. Henry Clay Evans, Commissioner of Pensions.

SIR: We are gratified to be able to state that for some weeks now we have seen no matter defamatory to the veterans purporting to have come from you. For this much thanks. We confess to a strong surprise that you did not at once indignantly repudiate many state ments and sentiments attributed to you by the newspaper correspondents. This is a matter of taste, however, in which our views may differ as widely from yours as on many other matters connected with pensions.

We also confess to extreme disappointment that you have suffered al these weeks to pass without giving the public some authentic information on the bitterly-disputed question of pensions. We at first looked for this information to be given as a matter of friendship and fraternity to the veterans. This is a soldier Administration. At its head is a comrade of the Grand THE Michigan comrades are begin- Army of the Republic, of long and ning to grumble because the voice of honorable service in the war. The Administration was put in power by veteran votes, and you, yourself, have been rageous crusade being waged against a pretty constant solicitor of the votes of ex-soldiers and their sons and sonsin-law. Their support has been the cornerstone and superstructure of your political fortunes, and we felt that appreciation and gratitude would impel you to hasten to their defense. Again, there seems to have been a wide difference between your views and ours.

Next, we suffered a keen disappoint-

the public full information as to th

questions from a purely official standpoint. Your Bureau, as well as every other Bureau, Office and Department, is a mere servant and agency of the public. The public has the most absolute right to full and complete information concerning its operations. Nothing can be more indisputable. From the very foundation of the Government, every Office or Bureau which has been sharply criticized has hastened to lay before the public a comprehensive exposition of its operations. It has felt that this was demanded by its own honor, and still more strongly demanded as a matter of right to the public. The people have the most unqualified and indefeasible right to know, at any time, any important fact connected with the administration of their affairs. The operations of your Bureau have been more bitterly at tacked than any other in the history of the Government. If one-tithe what has been alleged were true, then all your predecessors were the most astounding incompetents and bunglers, if not corrupt malefactors, known to American official life. Every clerk and employe would be tainted with misdoing and connivance at the same. Every act of the Bureau for the past 36 years would be gravely suspicious. No other conclusion is possible to a man who believed any portion of these allegations. The integrity of your Bureau was at stake. The storm was so severe that we could not believe that you could sit tamely under it. You could not by your silence admit that all who have preceded you in the administration of the pension system have been either imbeciles or corruptionists. No matter how pleasant the estimate you may place on your own honesty and acumen, you cannot but remember that there have been such Secretaries of the Interior as Gen. Noble. Vilas, Lamar, Teller, Kirkwood, Carl Schurz, Zach. Chandler, and J. D. Cox; such Commissioners of Pensions as Gen' Raum, Tanner, Gen. J. C. Black, Gen. W. W. Dudley, Bentley, etc., all men of the highest reputation for honesty and administrative ability. You cannot imagine that you brought to your duties integrity and wisdom superior to theirs.

accusation of some of those honored Soon ceasing to hope that you would certainly attempt to vindicate your with Paul Jones as a subject, and Mr. ment of official facts, bearing on the ques-State, Treasury, War, Navy; Interior, the It will begin during the coming month, Attorney-General, Postmaster-General,

Yet every charge of fraud is a direct

fit to make from time to time, as matters pertaining to their several functions became strongly uppermost in the public mind. The veterans were exceedingly anxious for you to make such a presentation. They have nothing to fear from facts. They are, on the contrary, most eager for their fullest publication. They know that you have within reach of your hand, as you sit in your office, facts and figures already collated and classified which will give an overwhelming refutation to the calumnies not only against them, but against the previous management of the Pension Bureau. They know that if these were given out they would revolutionize public sentiment, and utterly confound their slanderers and the slanders upon your predecessors. We believe that it is your official duty to give these out. No matter what you may think of your duty to the veterans, you at least owe it to the people of the United States, whose money you are disbursing, to inform them clearly as to what extent their bounty

is well applied or squandered. It is not too late yet to do this, nor have we ceased to hope that you will. You can end this tirade against the veterans any day, and make the administration of your Bureau appear as creditable a part of the Government functions as that of any other Bureau by the publication of a few plain, salient truths gathered from its records.

Will you not do this? We beg that you will.

Yours, for right and justice, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

THE MAINE DISASTER. The destruction of the fine battleship of engrossing interest. Maine in the harbor of Havana shocks the whole country beyond expression, It is something so appalling in nature and so momentous in consequences as to call for the gravest, calmest consideration and wisest action. Nothing should be left undone, and we believe that nothing will be left undone to determine beyond a doubt whether it resulted from accident or design. Either alternative is eminently serious.

If it were an accident then we are confronted with the awful conclusion that we are spending millions of dollars on gigantic engines of destruction for our own sailors; that the highest achievements of naval architecture are the most terrible of death-traps, liable at any instant, in calm, land-locked waters, with profound peace reigning around, to resolve themselves into hells of destruction for their unsuspecting crews. If the wrecking of the Maine were an accident, then not only every man who walks the decks of American men of-war, but every man of every war vessel of every civilized Nation, must live in momentary, mortal dread of his fate. There is no telling what minute the firm ship beneath his feet may not hurl him and all his shipmates into eternity. All the boasted progress in naval science for the last quarter of a century goes for naught, and worse than naught, for every modern war ship in the world will have to be remodeled, if not thrown away entirely, since no Nation can afford to keep in commission vessels so infinitely dangerous to their own crews. This is one overwhelming reason that we, and all other countries except Spain, have for wishing that it shall not be proved to have been an accident.

On the other hand, if it shall appear that the Maine were destroyed by some form of an infernal machine, no power can avert instant war with Spain, and the conquest of Cuba. It will matter little if it shall appear that Spain had no official connection with the deed. It will be sufficient to know that it was done by some one in sympathy with Spain. Then the atrocity of treacherously destroying a battle-ship, anchored in the security of a peaceful harbor, and sending to their death 255 of her crew, will arouse our people to fury, and they will compel the Government to take instant and summary action. No disclaimer that Spain can make will convince them that it is not part and parcel of the gross treachery Spain has always displayed in dealing with other Nations, and they will not rest until every vestige of Spanish rule this side of the Atlantic has been destroyed, and exemplary

punishment visited upon that country. The only thing for us now is to wait with what patience we can the findings of the Board which has been sent to Havana to investigate the catastrophe. That Board is composed of officers of known ability and integrity. We can rely upon their ascertaining the truth, if the truth can be ascertained, and telling it fearlessly and frankly. They will not keep us waiting long-another week will probably bring the matter to and the various Commissioners have seen | an issue.



[In the chapter immediately preceding his, the author tells how Mr. Josiah Klegg, sr., Si's father, determines to visit his boy in camp. He leaves his country home, and after a rather exciting railroad journey reaches Nashville.]

Mr. Klegg Reaches the Camp of the 200th

"Things don't look so tumultuous-like on this train," said Mr. Klegg, with a sigh of satisfaction, as he seated himself in the car for Murfreesboro and deposited his valuables by his side. "I know that boys will be boys, and I like to see them have fun just as well as any other man, but I must say that they made things on that other train a little too lively for a middle-aged deacon of the Baptist Church."

A broad-shouldered Provost Sergeant walked through the car, with an air of were seated in it.

"Must be the Constable, or Sheriff, or Town Marshal," mused Mr. Klegg. "I hope he'll stay on the train till we reach Murfreesboro, and keep order.

Mr. Klegg was right. The irregularities and disorders of the "rear" ended at Nashville. There the strict discipline of the 'front'' began under the iron sway of the Provost-Mar-hal, whose guards were everywhere, particularly at the depots and on the cars. The occupants of the car were as orderly as the boys at a country school when the master is on his throne, with his eyes

It was a bright day, and the country roundabout of surpassing interest to the Indiana farmer. He saw the domed, stately capitol of Tennessee crowning the highe-t hill, and lording a glorious landscape of hill and valley through which the Cumberland River flowed in majestic sweeps, like a broad girdle of sparkling silver. Then came the frowning forts, with beetling banks of bloodred clay, with terror-striking black guns, with rugged palisades, and a porcupine br stle of abatis. Sentries with gleaming muskets paced their high parapets. Every mile, as far as he could see, was full of objects

He bec me so absorbed in the feast of his eves that he did not observe that a middleaged, clean-shaven man, in a suit of dusty black had sat down beside him, and was said the Sergeant, as he moved off. studying him with attention.

"How do you do, my friend?" said he at length, putting out his hand. Mr. Klegg turned with a start, and in-

stinctively put out his hand. "Howdy," he said, with a tone of little encouragement, for he would much rather have continued watching the country than indulge grasped his hand warmly, and pressed his thumb upon the first joint of Mr. Klegg's, and caught his little finger in a peculiar way. Deacon Klegg had been initiated into the Odd Fellows, and he dimly recognized this as a "grip," but he could not associate it for the moment with any of the degrees of

the brotherhood of the Three Links. "Were you out late last night?" said the stranger in a low, deeply-impressive tone. "Not pertickerlerly," answered Deacon Klegg, turning to catch a view of the stockade at La Vergne, where the 1st Mich. Eng. had made such a gallant defense. "I'd had a mighty bothersome day, and was purty window," well tuckered out. I found a good place to sleep and I turned in rather airly. Say,' continued he, pointing to the wreckage of battle, "the boys seem to have poked it to 'em purty lively out there."

"It was a very sharp fight," returned the other, "but for once our friend Wheeler made a mistake, and lost heavily. Down the road farther you'll see evidences of his more successful work, in some miles of burnt wagons.

"Bad man, that Gen. Wheeler," said the Deacon, looking steadfastly out of the The stranger looked a little disappointed,

but he rallied, and presently gave the second grand hailing sign of the Knights of the laugh-d derisively. Golden Circle, in the same low, impressive " Did you see a star last night?"

"Can't say that I did," responded Mr. Klegg rather indifferently. "There was lots of gas lamps burning, and I was rather taken or stars. Besides, as I told you before, I ride from Looyville, and I wanted to git in alone. good shape for the trip to-day."

A cloud of annovance came upon the stranger's face, and he did not speak again for a minute or two. Then he said: You are from Indiana, are you not?"

'Yes," said Mr. Klegg. "From Posey County?"

"I knew so.

turning around in amazement. "How come you to be lookin' for me? What business have you got with me? How'd you know I was a-comin'? Nobody knowed it outside o' Mariar, my wife, and my family."



DEACON KLEGG AND THE KNIGHT OF THE

"Come, come, now," said the other impatiently. "Don't try to play off on me. You needn't be afraid. I'm all right. I'm Deputy Grand Organizer for the Knights for | the board. Southern Indiana, and the jurisdiction of Louisville generally. You ought to remember me. I recollect you perfectly. I organized the Lodges in Poseyville, and all through your | in here for us to carry out agin." County. I planted the seed there for a big crop of Butternuts that'll help hurl the tyrant country back into the hands of the white men. important information from your section for word but the players and the umpires." Gen. Bragg and John Morgan, and I've been

on the lookout for you." An understanding of what the man was,

"Confound you, you pizen Copperhead," the alignment of a company.

he said wrathfully. "What do you take me Si was getting a little the better of Billings,

pizen head. I'm a loyal man, and I've got a and said: son fightin' for the Union." "H-u-s-h," said the unconvinced man,

laying his hand on the Deacon's arm. "Don't talk so loud. They're watching us." Klegg shook his hand off angrily, but the warning came too late. The Provost Sergeant | you weren't allowed to say nothin'." had been watching them, at the instigation of a sharp-eyed, clerkly looking man in semi- forgot."

The Sergeant strode toward them, followed by a soldier with a gun. "I arrest you both," said he. "You are

men that we've been looking for. You'll stay right there in your seats 'till we get to Murfreesboro, and this man 'll see that you do." The soldier took position at the end of the seat, and dropped the end of his musket on the floor, with an I've-got-my-orders-an'-I'mgoing-to-stay-right-here look on his face.

con Klegg. "Who else's been lookin' for me, I'd like to know? Is the whole State o' Tennessee lookin' for me? What was you lookin' for me for? Think I've run away from Injianny without pavin' my debts? Think I want to desert my wife and children? Young man, you don't know Josiah Klegg. I've got a quarter section of as good land as there is in the Wabash bottoms, and I don't owe a dollar on it. As for leavin' Maria Klegg, I wouldn't do it for the whole State of Injianny. What you've been lookin' for me for, I'd like to know?"

"Old man, I haven't time to talk to you, and it ain't my business. You'll find out in it. Keep your advice till it's asked for, or authority, and gave orders to several who soon enough, when you git to headquarters, git out o' the tent. If you don't git out I'll over four years, and it will require all of this and so will your partner there.' "My partner," echoed Deacon Klegg. "This man's no partner o' mine. I never laid

eyes on him till a half-hour ago."



THE GENERAL INTERBUPTS THE GAME.

"Continue your speech at headquarters," haven't time to listen to it now. You'd better save your breath till then, for you'll have to do some mighty slick talkin' to save your spying neck, I can tell you that." D acon Klegg sank back in the seat dumfounded." What on airth kin he mean?"

"It's another of the outrages of the despot in purposeless conversation. The stranger Lincoln," answered his companion. "It's another of the arbitrary arrests by his military satraps. Liberty is dead in this country until we can overthrow that nigger-loving usurper." "Shut up," said the Deacon savagely. you say another word I'll mash you. I won't be distured when I'm tryin' to think things

> "I want that carpet-sack and umbrella of yours," said the Sergeant, coming back. I've no doubt you've got 'em both full of treasonable documents and information for your rebel friends. Guard, watch both these men closely, and see that they don't destroy any papers, nor throw anything out the

"Young man," said the Deacon resolutely, you can't have that carpet-sack or that um breller. They're my property. If you tech 'em I'll have the law on you. I'll sue you for trespass, larceny, assault and battery, and intent to provoke. I hain't done nothin' to justify it. I'm Josiah Klegg, of Posey County, Injianny, deacon in the Ebenezer Church, on Mill Crick. I'm goin' down to Murfreesboro to visit my son, Josiah Klegg, jr., o' the 200th Injianny Volunteers. You all know him. He's an officer. He's the boy that tried to git a commissary wagon away from the rebels durin' the battle, and he and Shorty 've got a house with a tin roof."

The other occupants gathered around and

"Twon't do, old man," said the Sergeant trying to wrest the carpet-sack away. "You tell a pretty story, and you're well disguised, but we're onto you. We got full particulars about you from Louisville. You're a bad lot down there in Posey County. There's a with them, so that I didn't notice the moon Knight of the Golden Circle Lodge under every sycamore. You'd be at Gen. Bragg's turned in purty airly, for I was tired with my headquarters to morrow night if we let you

He pulled hard at the carpet-sack, and Deacon Klegg resisted with all his sturdy might. His strength was quite a match for the Sergeant's, but other soldiers came to help the latter. The handles came off in the struggle, and the Deacon was forced down into his seat. The other man took advantage of the confusion to work his way through the crowd in the guard-house, and had evidently underto the door and jump off. This angered the Sergeant and coming back to where Mr. Klegg sat, exhausted and intensely mad, he

"I'll make sure that you don't get away, anyhow. I ought to've done this at first." So saying, he snapped a hand-cuff over Mr. Klegg's wrist and then over the arm of the

The Deacon was never so humiliated in his life. He was simply speechless in his rage

Among the many of Gen. Rosecrans's eccentricities and vagrant fancies was one for prowling around through his camps at night, wearing a private's overcoat and cap. One night he strolled into the camp of the 200th Ind. watching for for some time, going through a pensioner at \$12 per month. Capt. Ryan cabin struck him, and he decided to look inside. He knocked on the door.

Tom Billings in a game of checkers for the to the Provost-Marshal's for examination." championship of the 200th Ind. Shorty was watching the game intently, as Si's counselor, and Zeke Tomkins was giving like assistance to Tom Billings. Two other crack players were acting as umpires. The light from the fire shone brightly upon them, but left the front of the room, where the General stood, in complete darkness. They were so absorbed in the game that they merely looked up, saw that the new comer was a private soldier, and supposed that he had merely dropped in to watch the game.

"Did you clean your feet on the bayonet outside the door," demanded Shorty, as he fixed his eyes again on the red and white grains of corn, which represented the men on "No, I forgot," said the General, quietly.

"Well, go right outside and clean 'em off," ordered Shorty. "Don't want no mud tracked The General, much amused, went out, carefully scraped his boots, and then returned.

The game proceeded in silence for several minutes, and the General became much interested. It was one of his peculiarities that he and what he was driving at began to slowly could not help getting interested in anything

filter into Deacon Klegg's mind, and his that his soldiers were doing, from the boiling of a cap of coffee or the pitching of a tent to a man, who'd play off the dodge of being an

orous Knight o' the Golden Circle? I'm a toward the loser. He touched Billings on the Knights in the gang. They were talking oth W. Va.

"Don't do that. You'll open your king- man made to distract our attention."

row. Move-Shorty was alert on the instant.

"Shut up," he commanded. "You've no

"Well, see that you don't forgit agin," talent in the game already. We don't want | the rest of your prisoners up to the Provostno more to come in."

A sin the game proceeded in intent silence for some minutes. Then Si called out : "Hold on; you can't jump backwards with that man. That ain't no king.'

"I say it is a king," said Billings. "I got him into the row half an hour ago, and crown-"You've been lookin' for me," gasped Dea- | you moved. "I know better," asserted Shorty. "I've

been watching that piece right along, and he's never been nearer the king-row than he | you git down here?" is this minute.' A hot discussion ensued. The General | did not check them. forgot himself and joined in in his usual

positive, authoritative way. "I say the man had been crowned. I saw | don't communicate with the enemy. But him crowned, and the crown afterward come on up to Headquarters and get your knocked off. There's the crown by the side | checker-board. I have a very nice one for

Shorty's wrath rose. "I told you when you come in here," he said sharply, "not to mix into this game. You've got no business

put you out." "Be careful, my man," said the General,

speaking in his usual way. "You are talking to an officer." "I don't care if you are a Lieutenant or a Captain, even," Si chimed in; "you have no business mixing in a quiet little game o'

checkers between enlisted men." "I am more than a Captain," said the General, opening his overcoat slightly, to show his double row of buttons.

much better," said Si, obdurately, but with | which he served until the end of the war. much more respect. "I'm higher than a Colonel," said the

General, amusedly, and opening his overcoat a little farther. "Excuse us, General," they all murmured,

rising to their feet, and taking the position "You don't command our brigade, do you?" aid Shorty, trying to get a better view of the

"I command this brigade, and several others," said the General, smilingly enjoying

"Lord, a Major-General commanding a corps," gasped poor Shorty, backing up with the rest into line, and saluting with the pro-

"Still higher," laughed the General, stepping forward to where the light fell full on manding this army. But don't be disturbed. You've done nothing. You are all entitled to your opinions, as free American citizens; but I will insist that that man had been in the king row, and should be crowned. But you settle that among yourselves.

"I merely dropped in to compliment you on the skill you have shown in building your house and its comfort. I'm glad to find that it looks even better inside than out. I know that you are good soldiers from the way you take care of yourselves. But so fine a house ought to have a better checker-board than a barrel-head, with grains of corn for men. Who are the owners of the house?

himself and Si. "Very good," said the General, "both of you report at my Headquarters to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock. Good night."

"Three cheers and a tiger for Old Rosey," velled Shorty, as soon as he could get his scattered wits together enough to say a word. They gave three such rousing cheers that the rest of Co. Q came running out of their tents, and joined in cheering, as fast as the

news could be communicated to them. The next morning a squad of prisoners was being conducted toward Army Headquarters. At their head walked a stout, middle-aged farmer, carrying a portly blue umbrella. He



had spent the night among the riotous spirits gone much wear and tear. He looked as if things had not been going his way at all. By him marched the stalwart Provost Sergeant, with a heavy striped carpet sack under his

Gen. Rosecrans rode up at the head of his staff, from an early morning inspection of Gordon Granger Post, 329. some part of the camp. The men saluted

and cheered. "Whom have you here, Sergeant?" said the General, reining up his horse beside the

"That's Gen. Rosecrans," said one of the guards to Deacon Klegg. "Nobody of importance," replied the Ser-

geant; "except this old man here. He's a Knight of the Golden Circle, that we've been with information and other things from the Post, 384, conducted the funeral services. Knights of Indiana to the enemy in Tullahoma. I've got his carpet sack here. I ex-"Come in," shouted Si.

He entered, and found Si engaged with the lead in it. I am taking him He set the heavy carpet-sack down on the

ground, to rest for a minute. "Gen. Rosecrans, it's all a plaguey lie," burst out Deacon Klegg. "I'm as loyal a man as there is in the State of Injianny. I HART.—At Bridgeport, Conn., George L. voted for Abe Lincoln and for Oliver P. Morton. I've come down here to visit my son, Josiah Klegg, jr., of the 200th Injianny Volunteers. You know him, General. He's on-o' your officers. He's a Corporal. He's the boy that tried to take a commissary wagon away from the rebels durin' the battle, and he's got a house with a tin roof. You recollect that, don't vou?"

Some of the staff laughed loudly, but the General checked them with a look, and spoke Wigg ns, Co. B, 8th Mo. Cav. Deceased encouragingly to the Deacon. "Yes, General," continued Mr. Klegg.

knowed you'd know all about him the minit I mentioned him to you. I told this over and over agin to these plaguey fools, but they wouldn't believe me. As to that earpet-sack | Burkhardt, U. S N. He served on the U. havin' things for the enemy, it's the biggest | S. Sloop "Oneida," and was with Farregut

He fumbled around for his keys. "Possibly you have made a mistake, Sergeant," said the General. "What evidence have you?"

"We'd got word to look out for just such old plug of a farmer on a visit to his son. "He was on the train with a man whom

member o' the church, or I'd punch your shoulder, as he was about to make a move, together all the way. I arrested the other one, too, but he slipped away in the row this

In the meanwhile Deacon Klegg had gotten his carpet-sack open for the General's inspection. It was a sorry sight inside. business talkin'; I told you when you come in, Butter, honey, shirts, socks, boots, and cakes

are excellent things taken separately, but "Excuse me," said the General; "I quite | make a bad mixture. Deacon Klegg looked very dejected. The rest grinned broadly. "I don't seem to see any thing treasonable growled Shorty. "We've got quite enough so far," said the General. "Sergeant, take

> Marshal, and leave this man with me." "Gen. Rosecrans," said a familiar voice, you ordered us to report to you this mornin at 10 o'clock. We're here.' The general looked up and saw Corp'l Si

Klegg and Shorty standing at a "salute. "Si !" said the Deacon, joyously, sticking ed him. You knocked the crown off when out a hand badly smeared with honey and "Pap!" shouted the Corporal, taking the

hand in rapture. "How in the world did They all laughed now, and the General

"Corporal, said he, " I turn this man over to you. I'll hold you responsible that he

[To be continued.]

EDITORIAL NOTE: We have been asked how long the Si Klegg sketches will continue. We answer that he went all through the war, and ne t year to tell his story. Si Klegg will delight our readers for a long time to come.

PERSONAL.

John Lincoln, of Bolshow, Mo., has applied to the Maryville Board of Examination for a pension. Mr. Lincoln was a second cousin of Abraham Lincoln. He enlisted in a Missouri regiment, served three years, "Bein' a Major or a Colonel don't make it and then enlisted again in the cavalry, in Before he was finally mustered in, he fought Indians on the plains. Mr. Lincoln served two terms as Sheriff of Andrew County, Mo., and superintended the hanging of the infamous Bateman, the murderer of two little girls in October, 1883. He is 52 years old, six feet one inch in hight, and bears a striking family resemblance to the mariyred President. He has never

drawn a pension. Gen. John Cochrane, who died last week in New York at the age of 84, was a prominent Republican politician at the beginning of the war, and the nephew of Gerritt Smith, the famous Abolitionist, from whom he inherited a fortune. He at once raised the 65th N. Y. (1st U. S. Hussars), and commanded it with ability until July 17, 1862, when he was promoted to Brigadier-General. He resigned the next February. He was nominated for Vice-President in 1864, on the ticket with Gen. John C. Fremont, but declined in order not to hinder the re-election of Abraham Lincoln. He served one term as Attorney-General of New York. Then he went over to Tammany, and became one of its

Sachems and leaders. The will of the late Maj. John Hancock. of Pittsburg, reads as follows: "Having confidence in the honesty of Maj. George Bright Halstead, formerly of Newark, N. J., "Me and him," said Shorty, indicating now of the Hermitage, on Lake Minnetonka, Hennepin County, Minn., whose friendship I formed in the infamous Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., while we were prisoners of war in the Summer of 1862, I hereby appoint him executor of this, my last will, and order and direct that no bond shall ever be exacted from him in

any court for its execution.' Col. Theo. F. Lang, Superintendent of Public Buildings, Baltimore, has been appointed by Commander-in-Chief Gobin to take charge of the work of promoting military and patriotic instruction in the public schools of Maryland. It is a most

MUSTERED OUT.

BRANT.-At Kansas City, Mo., Maj. Alfred Brant, aged 65. He was born in Tuscarora County, O. He enlisted under the three months' call from Pleasanton, Iowa. He re-enlisted in the 5th Kan. Cav., and earned his epaulets by heroic service and istinguished bravery. When discharged from the three years' service he again enlisted in Hancock's Veteran Corps. He was for several years Captain of Veteran Co. A of Kansas City, Mo., and later Major of the 3d Regiment Missouri National Guard. Maj. Brant was the Superintendent of the city workhouse. He was a warm-hearted Grand Army man, and a

charter member of McPherson Post. McKAHIN.-At Marseilles, Ill., John D. McKahin, aged 74. He enlisted in September, 1851, as Sergeant, Co. F, 27th Ind. Comrade McKahin earned promot on to Captain of Co. H in half a dozen hard-fought battles. At Antictam he was severely wounded, resigning on that account. When the rebel Morgan began his raid through Ohio Capt. McKahin organized and was commissioned Captain of Co. D, 138th Ind. Later he organized the 155th Ind. and received a commission as Lie tenant-Colo-

PORTER.-At New Richmond, O., of heart disease, aged 65, John W. Porter Co. G. 50th Ohio, a member of James M. F. Iks

HAHN .- At Clinton, Mo., Charles Fahn, Co. F. 1st Wis. Cav., charter member of Poland.-At Columbus, O., John C. Poland, Co. B. 2d Ohio, and Sergeant, Co. E, 1st battalion, 18th U.S. MAGGS .- At Canonsburg, Pa., William

Maggs, Co. D, 10th Pa. Reserves, and member of Paxton Post, 126. He leaves a CASTERLINE.-At Sparta, N. J., John Casterline, Co. K. 27th N. J., aged 55. SWAIM .- At Penn's Creek, Pa., Joseph Swaim, Co. C, 171d Pa., aged 73. He was H. Fessler, Co. F, 172d Pa., aged 58. Capt.

Ryan Post conducted the funeral. He is survived by a widow and one son. FESSLER. - At Penn's Creek, Pa., Reuben B. Fessler, Co. E, 142d Pa., aged 60. He was drawing \$12 per month pension. BURCKER.-At Soldiers' Home, Grand Island, Neb., Thomas B. Burcker, Co. B., 50th Pa., aged 63. He was a member of

Lyon Post, 1! and regiment is not known to the Adju-

tant of Howe Post. GRAHAM.—At Bridgeport, Conn., Charles Graham, Sergeant, Co. G, 1924 N. Y. HILL,-At Lakewood, N. J., Park Hill. Co. D, 23d Conn. Interment at Bridge-

PICKETT .- At Bridgeport, Conn., Michael Pickett, Co. K, 17th Conn. WIGGINS .- At Gibbon, Neb., J. W. was born in Belmont County, O., and permanently located in Giblon in 1879. He was Commander of G. K. Warren Post. 113. A widow and three children survive

BURKHARDT.-At Peoria, Ill., Samuel Lincoln from his bloody throne, and give the country back into the hands of the white men. I got word that you were coming down with I got word that you were coming the your word that you were coming that you were coming the your word that you were completely a got word that you we and Peoria Lodge, A. F. & A. M. A widow and three children survive him.

Deaths in an Indiana Post.

Ad 't L. M. White, Richmond, Ind., sends the following lit of deaths in Sol Mered th Post, 55: Jno. W. Frank, Co. G, 8th N. Y .; Nathan S. Williams, Co. B, 5th Ind. Cav.; J. L. Yaryan, Adjutant, 5 th Ind.; Harrison D. Spingler, Co. F, 12 d Pa., and Co. H, 203d Fa.; William Brenizer, Co. I, 5th for? Do you take me for a miserable, trait- and the General's sympathies naturally went all the detectives know as one of the worst Ind., and Wm. C. Starr, Lieutenant-Colonel,